THE TRUSTEES OF THE JOHN F. SLATER FUND

Occasional Papers No. 17

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

IN HONOR OF

DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

1916

J. P. BELL COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

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NOTE

A Memorial Meeting in honor of Dr. Booker T. Washington was held in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on the evening of February 11, 1916. The meeting was held under the auspices of Hampton Institute, Tuskegee Institute, and the National League on Urban Conditions. Hon. Seth Low, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Tuskegee Institute, presided, and addresses were made by Dr. H. B. Frissell, Hon. W. H. Lewis, Hon. William G. Willcox, Dr. James H. Dillard, and Major R. R. Moton. These addresses are contained in the present publication.

A LIFE OF FAITH

BY HOLLIS BURKE FRISSELL

This is a remarkable occasion. Some of us who are gathered here on this platform have met before to tell the story of wonderful lives. I recall, as we gather here to-night, a meeting in honor of Carl Schurz, the most distinguished German who ever came to the shores of America. We told here of his struggles for liberty in his native land, of his wonderful devotion to his friends, and the honors that came to him in the Civil War, of his endeavors in the interests of the Negro and Indian races, and how he helped to make the civil service of this country better and finer; but I believe, my friends, that that story of Carl Schurz, wonderful as it was, was not as wonderful as the story that is told to-night—of the struggle up from slavery of a man born a slave, himself the son of a slave. And not only here in New York have men gathered to do him honor, but throughout all this country, North and South. A few days ago in the City of Washington the members of the President's Cabinet joined the private citizens to tell the story of that life. Down in the poor log schoolhouses of the South such gatherings came together, and as they sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," they told the story of the man whom they had loved and honored.

As soon as the news of Booker Washington's death was spread abroad throughout the State of Alabama, there started a slow procession of ox carts, men on mules, in vehicles of every sort, making their way toward Tuskegee, in order that they might catch a glimpse once more of the face they loved so well, before it was placed beneath the sod.

As has been said to you by the Chairman, in the town of Tuskegee the flags were at half mast, the stores were closed, the Mayor, with all the white citizens, came together to do honor to one who had won their love and respect. Telegrams came from every part of the country, carrying messages of love. Editorials appeared in almost all the Southern papers, speaking of Booker Washington's work, and one wonderful

one has been read to you to-night which tells what the white people of the South felt as to the value of Booker Washington and his work.

In the simple service that was held there were these words: "Thanks be to God that gives us the victory," and Booker Washington's life was a victory—a victory over prejudice, over poverty, a victory of faith, of love, of humility, of service.

His was a wonderful life of faith. I believe that no man without a belief in an overruling Providence could ever have stood what Booker Washington stood, could ever have endured what he endured. What a wonderful story that was of the movement down from the coal mines of West Virginia. That man, seeking that unseen thing called Education, of which he hardly knew anything, made his way to Richmond, slept on the sidewalks, helped to load vessels in order that he might gain the money that should carry him to the school at Hampton, where he heard that a man by the labor of his hand could work his way to an education.

He came to us there. His coat was covered with the dirt that he had accumulated while he labored in loading vessels. He was not a hopeful-looking specimen; still, he had made up his mind that he would stay, and you remember that story—that interesting story—of how Miss Mackey, the lady principal, finally gave him a chance to sweep and dust a room, and he did it so well that she said: "A man like that ought to be admitted to the Hampton School," and that was Booker Washington's entrance examination.

There came to him a call from Alabama—a call as real as that which ever came to Abraham or Moses—to go down to the black belt of Alabama to start a school like that at Hampton, and he obeyed the call and went.

I wish I could tell you many of the particulars of that struggle, its start in the poor old church in the single building, how he struggled up from poverty and from all that encumbered him until that became one of the great institutions of the world. Let me tell you just one story. He had seen at Hampton a brick-kiln; he felt that one was needed at Tuskegee. He knew very little of brick making, but with what little knowledge he had a brick-kiln was formed. It was

a failure; it was torn down. Another one was put up; the second one was a failure. And yet he did not give up. His money was gone; he pawned his watch; made a third brick-kiln, and the third was a success.

That was Booker Washington's faith. It was faith in God, it was faith in man. He believed in the Southern white man. He believed that down underneath what sometimes seemed like prejudice there was a heart of love, and he found that heart. He believed in the Northern white man, and the result was that the Northern white man believed in him and helped him to make Tuskegee possible. He believed in his own race, in the Negro of America. You have heard him say again and again that he rejoiced that he was born a black man. You have heard him say here that if he were to be born again he would be born as he was, a Negro in this American land. He said, and he felt it, that he was glad to belong to a people that was just beginning to have homes, to have schools, to have churches, to have character, to have the life of freedom; and he helped to make it possible.

As I have said, his was a life of faith. It was also a life of love. If I were to be asked what was the secret of Booker Washington's success I should say it was because of his love for man, white and black. Major Moton, his worthy successor, was asked the other day how it was that Booker Washington had such great tact in dealing with both the white and the black men of the South, and Major Moton rightly said: "No, it was not merely tact, it was because he loved men, white and black; he gained the victory through love." And that is the only victory that is worth while in this world.

I should be glad to tell you, as I might to-night, many stories of how that victory was won through all that Southern country. He and Major Moton went from one Southern city to another telling the white man and the black man that they were to live together, not hating one another, but loving one another; and there has gone out from that Tuskegee School and its founder an influence for good such as you and I can not appreciate nor understand.

One or two things I want to speak of. One was his humility. You know the great honors that were heaped upon

him. He received from the greatest institutions of this country the highest honors that they could bestow. He was entertained by Queen Victoria. He was called into consultation with men in the highest office. Throughout it all he remained the same quiet, modest, simple, gentle man.

The word "modest," as you know, comes from the word "modus," which means measure. Booker Washington did not think of himself more highly than he ought to think. In his modesty was one great secret of his power; but perhaps most of all his life was a victory because of the services which he rendered. As the President of the Board of Trustees has said: "Out from Tuskegee and Booker Washington there went influence for good such as no man could measure, for the black race, for the white race." You have heard to-night the story of better homes, of better farms, of better churches, of better life of every sort, that has been made possible through Booker Washington's life. He gave himself, body, soul, spirit, to the work of helping others. With no thought of money, with very little regard for distinction, he threw himself into the service of his fellow-men.

The last time that I saw him he was sick, hardly able to walk, and he spoke of the meeting that was to be held, where Major Moton was to gather the colored men of Virginia to help them to better organization, to better health, and to better living, and I said to him: "Washington, you must not go to that meeting; you're not well enough." He said: "O Dr. Frissell, it would hurt me more to stay away from the meeting than it would to go;" and that was true through all his life—he had no regard for his health, he only thought of the service of his fellow-men.

Now, my friends, I must not speak to you longer, though I should be glad to.

Twenty-five years ago General Armstrong, Booker Washington's great teacher, was stricken with paralysis in a Northern city as he pled the cause of the black and red men. Among his manuscripts was found a memorandum which contained these words: "See to it, you who believe in true

ideas of education and in the black and red races of this country, see to it that Hampton does not go down;" and so I say to you, twenty-five years afterwards, now that this great man has gone, and another worthy successor has been called, I say to you, see to it that Tuskegee does not go down.

It is a cause for great rejoicing that this man behind me has been called to carry on that great work. He was Booker Washington's devoted friend; side by side they labored through the years. For twenty-five years I have known this man. We have worked together at Hampton. I have never known him to do a mean thing. I rejoice to-night that such a man God has lifted up to carry on the work of the one who has gone from us.

My friends, we of the white race are the heirs of all the ages; God has heaped into our laps all that has come from the generations before us. This black race is the disinherited race. Ten millions of Negroes in the Basin of the Congo in Africa were needlessly sacrificed in the gaining of rubber. Why is Europe at war to-day? To me it seems that it was largely because the nations of Europe had exploited not only the Negro, but races throughout the world. It is not possible for a race or for man to be at the same time Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde; and the exploitation which began in Africa was carried on in Europe.

We, as I said, are the heirs of the ages. These are the disinherited children. Just so far as in us lies, let us see to it that we extend to them a helping hand.

A LOVER OF HIS FELLOW-MEN

BY WILLIAM H. LEWIS

It is fitting that the Urban League, for the improvement of the conditions of the colored population right at your own doors, should join with Hampton and Tuskegee in this Memorial to Dr. Booker T. Washington, because the objects of the League, of which Dr. Washington was one time a Director, providing for better sanitary housing, better social conditions, greater industrial opportunities for the thousands of his race in New York, were ever dear to his heart. It is fitting also because the League stands for the principle of coöperation between the races, which begets sympathy and understanding. It recognizes the fact that the colored population will become either a great asset or a dreadful liability to the City, according to whether they are given a fair opportunity to find a place in your social and industrial life, or neglected and treated as strangers within your gates.

It is not of ourselves we have come to speak at this time. We have come to pay our humble tribute of respect to the fallen leader, whose ideas of the economic and social welfare of the race constitute our creed and our program.

The voice, the most eloquent of his day, that once pleaded in this hall for humanity and justice, is hushed forever. The magnetic personality, that so often stood here, the representative of the social, educational, and industrial aspirations of his race, has passed to the silent sepulchre of the dust. No more shall we behold that sturdy, familiar figure. Never more shall we hear that persuasive voice pleading for educational opportunities for the great masses of his people. But the character and influence of Washington still survive. He lives in this magnificent audience gathered here, representing the wealth, the splendor, the intelligence, and public spirit of the great metropolis that he loved so well, upon which he cast a last fond, lingering glance that November afternoon as, sadly but courageously, he began his last journey to Tuskegee and beyond. He lives in millions of homes built by hands of

thrift and love, in millions of hopeful, purposeful lives inspired by his teachings. He lives in the thousands of young men and women whom he has sent forth from Tuskegee to teach their fellows how to live healthy, happy, wholesome, human lives. Above all, he lives in that "higher good" which, at Atlanta twenty years ago, he prayed God might come "in blotting out sectional difference and racial animosities and suspicions." If to-day, in our country, sectionalism happily is on the wane, it is because this slave, with broken chains dangling from his wrists, stretching forth one hand to the North and one to the South to brothers once estranged, said: "You must help each other the other's burden to bear." If to-day there is a better understanding between the races, a growing feeling of respect for the rights of each other, a spirit of mutual helpfulness and understanding between them, it is because Washington spent his life in cultivating friendships that lay close to his door.

I pledge you here and now, for those of us who knew and loved Dr. Washington, that we will ever pray and strive for that "higher good"; for by this pathway alone can we climb to the summit of complete equality of rights and opportunities in the great American Democracy.

The name and character of Washington will live for years to come, as an example of the heights to which the humblest of any race may attain through service of his fellows. Whether his influence is to be a permanent and abiding force in American life depends upon the future of the institution he founded. In his lifetime he carried Tuskegee upon his heart; in his death Tuskegee rests upon his ashes. That noble institution will either crumble and perish or stand as his enduring monument accordingly as the American people give to it that endowment to which it is entitled because of the inestimable service which it has rendered and is rendering in the solution of the greatest of our problems. His was a practical mind, keen for the essential and fundamental things of life. If he could speak to us at this hour he would ask no memorial of bronze or marble; he would prefer to live in the opportunity given to millions of his race, through Tuskegee, to slowly but surely climb upward through industry and character to complete American citizenship.

The outlines of this marvelous career are known to all because its active period was passed during the lifetime of men not yet old. Born a slave without a name, laid upon a bundle of dirty rags upon the dirt floor of a log cabin, with hardly more thought given to his birth than that of a domestic animal, he had the spark of genius in him; he died a freedman, a citizen of the world. An unlettered slave at the age of seven, he was a Master of Arts at thirty-seven; at forty-two a Doctor of Laws, an American Educator of first rank—the first man of color in the world. So great had been his achievements in uplifting his race in America that Lord Grey invited him to undertake the enormous task of formulating an educational system for the blacks of South Africa.

Surely if ever Abraham Lincoln, upon the eve of whose birthday we stand, needed justification for emancipation it is found in the life, character, and achievements of Booker T. Washington. Washington's life showed that a man could rise from being property himself to inherit the earth; to win, through sacrifice and service to his fellows, immortal fame.

When the shackles fell from his limbs they also fell from his mind, his heart, and soul. No doubt the terrible social and political and industrial conditions in which he found his race after the reconstruction weighed heavily upon him, but he never allowed himself to become discouraged, disheartened, soured, or embittered. He rose superior to race injustice and race prejudice. He so often said that no man could make him hate another; that he would never allow himself to be dragged down by hating any man because of his race or even of his prejudices. He loved the South, its people, and understood them and their sorrow, the terrible experience which had been theirs through the passing of slavery. He sought to assuage her grief, to help bind up her wounds, and to carry the friendly relations which frequently existed between master and slave over into the new life of freedman. As has been so often said, he became the interpreter of one race to another. He understood both because he was of both. In loving and working for his own race it was easy for him to love and work for all men, so that the man "farthest down," whether in London,

Galicia, or Sicily, became the object of his affections and his prayers. In his sympathies for the cause of man he touched the universal. He was a lover of his fellow-men. This is the secret of the greatness of Washington. His was a great soul, in which no bitterness or littleness could even find a lurking place. His was the great heart of Lincoln, "with malice toward none and charity for all." He loved all men, and all men loved him.

When Washington came upon the stage he beheld an emancipated race chained to the soil by the mortgage crop system and other devices; he said to his people: "You must own your own lands, you must own your own farms," and forthwith there was a second emancipation. He beheld the industrial trade and skilled labor passing into other hands; he said: "The hand, as well as the head, must be educated," and forthwith the educational system of America was revolutionized. He saw the black, toiling masses spending all they earned; he said: "Thrift, save; get a bank account. This is the only way." He saw that the political superstructure of our freedom could not last without a solid economic basis laid in thrift, independence, skilled labor, good homes, and good schools, and all the institutions necessary to permanent success. He reared anew the foundations of freedom upon an economic basis. He cemented the friendships of the two races as an essential to permanent progress. He compromised no principle of human rights. In his own way, simple and diplomatic, he advanced the interests and rights of all. He was a statesman, as well as a leader of his race. He was an American orator, educator, and publicist of highest rank and authority.

Washington grew, as Tuskegee grew, in richness, prestige, power, and influence. Tuskegee typifies the man and his achievements. That great institution stands, above all things else, for what Washington intended it should stand, as convincing, ample proof that the colored race has initiative, real constructive ability.

Washington was endowed with great executive and administrative ability, shrewd common sense, and a practical knowledge of men and affairs. His knowledge of human nature was instinctive, intuitive, and sometimes uncanny. He

knew the Southern white man better than the Southern white man knew himself, and knew the sure road to his head and heart.

He had a keen sense of humor, characteristic of the race. He could tell a story to enforce or illustrate a point in his argument with telling effect. Strangely enough, this gifted man could make men serious or convulse an audience with laughter, but he was without gift of pathos, and had few emotions. I have never known him to make an audience weep, unless they were crying with laughter. He had little use for tears because he was an optimist, a strong-hearted, courageous man, whom nothing could discourage. He was a builder, a constructive worker among men. He said an ounce of construction is better than a ton of destruction. His mission was serious. He was in earnest. He was modest in his bearing, with a charming reserve of manner, a simple dignity, perfect poise, and straightforward, sincere, and direct in all his dealings with men.

You, of this generation, who beheld Booker Washington, the idol of his race, the favorite of those in high places—educators, publishers, kings, presidents, philanthropists—must not overlook the humble beginning, privations and sacrifices of his early career. I saw him as a young man, grim, resolute, pursuing the objects of his heart, begging almost from door to door, facing fierce criticism of his own race, including myself, the indifference and unsympathetic ear of others. I saw him again in the full flush of the pride of achievement, the recognized leader of his race, confidant of presidents, everywhere courted and admired. The paths he trod were not all roses; there were thorns and stones, sharp and rough, that beset his way. He wore himself out in the service of his fellows and humanity. He reached the summit, turned a moment, looked back with satisfaction upon the distance he had come, and just before him, all too soon, there fell upon his fading gaze the sunrise of the eternal morning.

And now, my friends, I trust that you will pardon a personal word. For seven years, after leaving college, I belonged to the Boston Radicals, who opposed the policies and program of Booker T. Washington for improving the condition of the

masses. It was because I had not risen to the point where I could appreciate or understand the loftiness of his character or the far-reaching influence of his mission. I thought, as a young man, that Latin conquered everything. Washington read it right, labor conquers all. I saw the form. He saw the substance. No power on earth could change his convictions. He was right. I shall never fail to thank the Almighty for the day and the hour when I first saw the truth and became a friend and follower of Booker Washington. For fifteen years I tried to make amends for the injustice I had done. In all our acquaintanceship he never referred, by word or action, to the many bitter things I had said about him. And now he is gone.

I saw my friend for the last time in August; I think it was the evening of August 22d, when he was turning his step southward. He was worn and tired, his figure emaciated; the light of another day seemed even then upon his countenance, but there was a look of calmness and resignation about him his friends could not fail to note. We realized that the great change was at hand. The clasp of that friendly hand as he said "Good-bye," the hand now cold in death, I shall never forget. I believe that somehow, somewhere, I shall clasp that hand again, meet his full, frank, honest gaze of sympathy and perfect understanding. I am glad to say that he was my friend and I his. To me he is not dead. His sweet and gentle spirit keeps company with me everywhere. His voice comes to me in the silent watches of the night, inspiring and encouraging. I shall never lose faith in man as long as I recall the memory of Booker Washington. Every man, woman, and child of darker skin must feel a greater pride of race, a firmer faith in God, because of the life and character of Booker Washington.

He is dead in his prime, yet he had realized the ambitions and ideals of his youth, something done to advance the Kingdom of God, the cause of his race and his country. As Bernard Shaw said of himself, it might be said of Washington, "he held his life as a flaming torch; he wanted to be thoroughly worn out and burned out when he died." Booker Washington simply burned himself out in the service of his

fellows. My humble prayer is that his torch has lighted another among the darker millions of America to lead his race onward and upward.

In the peace of the quiet Sabbath morning, when the harvest season was over, the great soul of Booker Washington passed to his Maker, taking with him his garnished sheaves. The sunrise upon the distant shores greeted a soul as sweet and beautiful as this poor world has ever known.

How well he fell asleep!
Like some proud river, widening
    Toward the sea;
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
    Life joined Eternity.

THE BUILDER OF TUSKEGEE

By William G. Willcox

Few men have contributed so much to the welfare of our beloved country as Booker T. Washington. His work is his own best eulogy. Throughout the length and breadth of the land he was recognized as the foremost influence in promoting good understanding and helpful relations between the races, as the builder of a great school to spread the gospel of inspired common sense in Negro education, as the leader of his race in industrial efficiency, economic independence, and high ideals of character and citizenship, and as the exponent of a system of industrial education whose far-reaching influence has affected the schools of both races. It is one of the miracles of American History that a man born a slave should have left behind him such a record of achievement and wide-spread influence as has the man whose memory we honor to-night. Even now we hardly appreciate our great loss. His work continues under the momentum which he himself had imparted to it, and we have yet to learn how far his place can be filled by those who are sorrowfully and bravely taking up the tasks which he so suddenly laid down.

My ten years' connection with Tuskegee has been a real education for me. After my first visit I told Mrs. Willcox that I wished we had as good a school for our own children, and each succeeding visit has served to strengthen that favorable impression. If I am able to contribute anything of value to our New York schools in the position of great responsibility which I have just reluctantly accepted, it will be in some measure, at least, the result of what I have learned at Tuskegee, and in so far it may be considered as a slight return from Tuskegee to New York for the help which New York has so generously given Tuskegee in the past. For I can imagine no higher ideals for our New York schools than such physical training and drill as Tuskegee gives in erect and self-reliant bearing, precision, promptness, self-control, such practical education of head and hand alike for efficient work-

manship, such lessons in the dignity of labor and the satisfaction of doing a good job, inspired by the fine spirit of service and loyalty which at the Institute they call the Tuskegee Spirit.

Industrial training, which was a veritable revolution in educational ideas when started at Hampton by General Armstrong fifty years ago, and which was carried from Hampton to Tuskegee by Booker Washington thirty-five years ago, has dominated the whole development of Negro education in the South.

Professor Dewey's ideal of learning by doing, using knowledge as it is acquired, and acquiring knowledge by actual experience with concrete things has given an interest incentive, practical value, and character-building influence to the colored schools which academic study alone could never have supplied. Indeed, industrial education in our Negro schools has far outstripped the development of industrial training in the schools for the white race, North or South.

A few years ago, during our February meeting at Tuskegee, a large educational conference was in session at Mobile, and some hundred and fifty of the delegates visited Tuskegee Institute and spent a day in examining its various activities. There were State and City superintendents and school principals from all parts of the country, and, speaking before a large gathering in the chapel, one of the delegates voiced the general opinion when he exclaimed: "Why, you are doing down here the things we are only just talking about in the North!"

Another visitor a year or two later expressed somewhat the same view when he said to me: "These Tuskegee boys and girls mustn't feel too proud of their work, for there are plenty of white boys and girls who could do as well if they had the chance."

But my connection with Tuskegee has been an education, also, in the true spirit of philanthropy—in the fine art of giving, not grudgingly, but with real gladness and enthusiasm. Booker Washington had a remarkable way of getting money for Tuskegee without ever asking for it. He interested people in the work so that they could not help giving. He realized that the surest way to win support for the Institute was to

promote confidence in the value of the work. Friends of Tuskegee found the satisfaction, which so few seem to appreciate, of giving their personal interest with their money and seeing for themselves the fruits of their investments. It is indeed a pity that so many men who have the ability to acquire more money than they can use for themselves miss so much of the happiness which might easily be theirs in giving generously during their lifetime while they can use the same good business judgment distributing their wealth which they have used in acquiring it and while they can see and enjoy the results of their benefactions. Nowhere else have I ever found men and women who have been such a veritable inspiration in this direction as among the friends of Tuskegee.

Thoughtful Americans are realizing more and more the need and importance of greater industrial efficiency in this country. To-day, as perhaps never before, democracy is being weighed in the balance. It must inevitably be judged by its results. If our great experiment in democratic government is to be permanently successful, if this country is to take and hold the position and influence in the progress of civilization for which it seems destined, the American people must in some way approach the loyalty and efficiency which Germany develops under her autocratic form of government. Democratic ideals must face the cold, hard fact of competition with the product of autocratic ideals, and unless they can meet this competition successfully democracy must fail.

If national efficiency depends not only upon national organization and administration, but finds its surest foundation in the efficiency and initiative of individual citizenship, then surely Industrial Education is a great national problem, the value and importance of which is as yet only faintly realized. Hampton and Tuskegee are to-day among the foremost influences in the entire country for the promotion of industrial education and efficiency. Said a prominent official of the State of Alabama to me a few years ago: "I have no fear that Tuskegee's work will result in any trouble between the races at present, but as things are going now it will not be many years before all of the best mechanics in Alabama will be found among the colored men, and the white mechanics will

find it difficult to get work, and may then make trouble." Naturally, I suggested that white boys and girls should have the same training as is given at Tuskegee, and this must inevitably be the result of Tuskegee's example and influence.

But it is perhaps in the direction of agriculture that Tuskegee's influence is most far-reaching. Not only in the agricultural departments of the Institute, but in the Farmers' Conferences and demonstration farms the Institute is promoting scientific agriculture, diversification of crops, improvement of stock, and wholesome and happy living conditions to encourage the colored people to stay in the country instead of crowding into the cities.

It is good business, my friends, to encourage and support such work as Hampton and Tuskegee are doing. Good business especially for the South, but good business also for the entire country, for anything which encourages and promotes the efficiency, initiative, independence, and happiness of its agricultural and industrial workers builds deep and permanent foundations for national prosperity. The industrial education of the colored race has long outgrown the bounds of philanthropy and is fast becoming a great national asset, whose cost in money and in unselfish service is to return a hundredfold in the increased industrial prosperity of the entire South.

As Dr. Washington himself had long outgrown the limits of the problems and welfare of his own people and reached a plane of human sympathy and helpfulness bounded by no race or creed or color, so the great work which he founded is spreading its beneficent influences throughout the entire land, promoting the welfare and progress of our common country.

To enable the Institute to continue its work without imposing too great a financial burden upon Dr. Washington's successor, the Trustees are asking for a fund of two million dollars. At present, with no provision for necessary improvements, the expenses of the Institute are about $150,000 in excess of its assured income, and without any desire to make the Institute independent of the need for future appeals, the Trustees feel that the work can not be continued satisfactorily unless this large gap between income and outgo is materially reduced by addition to its assured income. Tuskegee Institute

is Booker T. Washington's monument, and there could surely be no more fitting memorial than such a fund to carry forward the great work to which he gave his life. Already preliminary subscriptions amounting to over $550,000 have been pledged, and a movement has been organized from Tuskegee to reach the various organizations of colored people throughout the country in the hope of raising at least $100,000 from Negro people themselves, and this meeting is intended to formally launch the campaign to secure the balance of the $2,000,000. Subscriptions may be made for the Endowment Fund if desired, but unrestricted subscriptions are usually the most useful. One of our most generous benefactors, feeling that each generation should provide for its own philanthropics and that no one of the present day can form any intelligent opinion regarding the need for such a school as Tuskegee a hundred or even fifty years hence, is proposing to stipulate that the interest and five per cent of the principal of his gift shall be used annually, thus spreading it over a period of twenty years. Further contributions under these conditions would be most welcome and useful to the Institute.

Major Moton is undertaking a difficult task. His success is important for himself and his loyal co-workers at Tuskegee, but it is far more important for the South and for the nation. Let us all do our part to help him in his great work.

EDUCATOR, STATESMAN, MAN

By James Hardy Dillard

I wish to express my thanks to Hampton, Tuskegee, and the Urban League for the privilege of taking part in this meeting called in honor of the memory of Dr. Washington. He, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, and I, as Director of the Anna T. Jeanes Fund for the improvement of the small country schools for the Negro children in the South, have necessarily been in close association for the past seven years. The more I saw of him the more surely did the conviction come to me that I was dealing with a man who was a great man in the full sense of these words.

Last Saturday I stood by his grave near the chapel at Tuskegee, and while standing there I asked myself the question which I had before asked of others: "Can you name any man who during his life influenced for good so many human beings?" Others, after thinking, said "No;" and I, as I stood there near the new-made grave, said "No." I could not name another who, I thought, had influenced for good so many human beings.

The familiar stories which are told of prominent men oftentimes help us, even more than formal accounts, to get a vision of their life and influence. The story of the old colored man in Mississippi, who was asked to lend his hunting dog to President Roosevelt, and replied that he wouldn't lend that dog even to Booker T. Washington, tells truly the thought and feeling of the Negroes in the South toward the man whom all recognized as their leader. You might go to Prairie County, Arkansas, to Claiborne County, Mississippi, to Greene County, Alabama, to Leon County, Florida, to Jasper County, Georgia, and in these counties visit the poorest cabin or home, and you would likely find this man's influence there, and perhaps find his picture as the only decoration of the humble walls. And what would his influence mean? This, that the father and mother had the aspiration to make the home, however crude, a better home, to have the house cleaner and the

yard neater, to have the spirit of endeavor, and, above all, to have the spirit of good-will in spite of all difficulties and discouragements. His influence helped the man to plough deeper, to recognize the value of honest and intelligent labor. It helped the woman to keep the house cleaner, to have better cooked food, to keep her own and her children's clothes in better order. It helped both to want better surroundings and a more wholesome life, physical and moral.

Dr. Washington's influence upon education has been felt all over this country. North, South, East, and West, there is a movement for education, especially in the country districts, which shall hitch the school to the home. The conviction has grown that the school, especially the rural school, has not hitherto served the great purpose of fitting the child for life, of fitting the child for the familiar tasks of the home and the work that makes the home. The conviction has grown in the minds of all who know actual conditions best that the schools must undergo almost a revolution in order to take them out of old ruts and set them in a more efficient way. This conviction reaches the whole of education, and it refers not only to the Negro children of the South, but to the white children of the whole country. No one has had greater influence in bringing our minds to a realization of the needs of this truer education than the Hampton graduate, Booker Washington. At the same time he has stood for the highest and most advanced education of his race. He was a valued trustee of two institutions which uphold a high grade, Howard and Fisk universities. Without narrowness of any kind, he saw education in all its phases. He will always rank among the great educators of our time.

But, in addition to being a great educator, he was a great statesman. Some one has defined a politician as one who wants to get on in the world, and a statesman as one who wants to get the world on. Never lived a man who wanted to get the world on more than Booker Washington. Naturally, he thought first of his own people, but he kept in mind their condition, their surroundings, their relations to the white people among whom they were living. The elevation of his race was his burden, and he knew the difficulties. He saw the features of the hard problem.

Some one once asked President Cleveland what was the greatest problem in American politics, and Mr. Cleveland replied, without hesitation, that there was one problem beside which all others were easy, namely, the race problem. Booker Washington saw this, and he wrought sincerely and faithfully toward the solution. Seer and statesman that he was, he saw that you could not, over night, as some fondly dreamed, change, by any number of laws, the relations of two peoples who had been living together as masters and slaves. He had the wisdom of a statesman and something of divine patience. In solving this supreme problem, how two so distinct races may live together in coöperation and good-will, he contributed the influence and thought of a statesman of the highest order. Thinking of what Mr. Cleveland said, we may venture, by the side of Lamar and Grady, speaking for the white race, to set Booker Washington, speaking for the Negro race, as the three statesmen who have done most in influencing Southern thought during the last half century. All three were wise in recognizing that a new time had come, and that it would take time for adjustment. As Mr. Thayer says of Cavour in his life of the great Italian, all three had an enthusiasm for the possible. They faced facts, kept their feet on the ground, and said: "Let us do the best we can, year by year, with things as they are."

In this connection let me combat with all possible emphasis the accusation that Dr. Washington was a truckler. Nothing could be farther from the truth and from the nature of his great character. He was too great a man for any truckling. We have in the South a University Commission for studying race relationships. Last year, along with other Negro leaders, he sat with this Commission and spoke for two hours. Ask any member of this Commission if there was any truckling in his speech. In my opinion, his best book is the one entitled "The Future of the American Negro," published in 1899. Read in this book his open letter to the Louisiana Constitutional Convention and you will read the words of a courageous statesman. It is an appeal worthy of being placed among the classics, clear and eloquent in statement, wise in moderation,

strong for truth and justice. He knew wisdom and valued not justice less; he knew justice and valued not wisdom less.

Booker Washington was not only a great educator and a great statesman; he was, as the basis of all his worth, a great man. There is no surer mark of real greatness than the quality which, for want of a better word, we may call simplicity. The world's best heroes and helpers have had this mark. There have been many distinguished names in history which have lacked it, noted names in warfare, in literature, in government; but if we look closely we shall find that the greatest are the simplest in manner and character. In these greatest there is a sort of simplicity and directness that defies description. Booker Washington had this, whatever it is. When difficulties mounted highest he had an instinct for the right thing. It was this that let him win an audience that might have faced him at first with prejudice and even with hostility. He never failed to win an audience, and it was this mysterious quality which won. It won his foes and surprised his friends. It opened for him courthouse doors which had been closed before he came. The downright simplicity and directness of the man overleaped all obstacles. Instinctively, across the barriers of prejudice, people felt and acknowledged his greatness. At his death, all over the South conferences and conventions of Southern white people passed resolutions of admiration and regret. And it was all absolutely sincere. It was a tribute to a great man—one whom all regarded, not only as a great educator who saw clearly the present needs, and not only as a great statesman who dealt wisely with the present problems, but as a great man who served his day and proclaimed the gospel of good-will.

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

BY ROBERT R. MOTON

It is entirely fitting that on the eve of the birthday of the great Emancipator we should gather here to reverently pay our respects to the memory of the one who stands so preëminently as the most unique product of Emancipation. Booker T. Washington's life and work would have alone justified Abraham Lincoln's ideas and actions regarding Emancipation.

The remarks which I shall make this evening are in no sense intended as a eulogy, for that would be absolutely out of harmony with the life and teachings, and, I believe, with the wish of our great leader. My hope is rather to call attention, inadequately, of course, to a few of the great principles which controlled and guided his life, enabling him to perform so great and so beautiful a service for the Negro and for the nation, with the desire that we may therefrom learn lessons and gain inspiration that may help and encourage us for the great work which he left to us all to carry on.

Dr. Washington found a mass of unorganized, unconnected people; untrained in self-direction, with little knowledge of self-support and citizenship; as yet more or less ignorant and poverty stricken, but with a strong desire for education and the possession of property; more or less demoralized and discouraged; as suspicious and distrustful of their own race as of the white race; and, in the main, following no especially constructive leadership; with the relations between the races, to all appearance, growing daily less cordial and friendly, and more cold and businesslike. He found his people, like their more progressive white exemplars, looking with grave suspicion upon any system of education not in accordance with what had previously been in vogue, having the feeling that a farm, or a shop, or a kitchen should have no place in a well-regulated institution, and believing that the pupil should be adjusted to the school, not the school to the pupil.

Few men in the world's history have been able to accomplish in so short a period for so large a mass of people what Dr. Washington was able to accomplish. He organized and enheartened a race, giving them a new idea of education and of life, teaching the dignity, grandeur, beauty, and absolute necessity of industry and morality as fundamental things in the development of any people, leading them to a belief in and a respect for their own race, deepening their race pride, their race consciousness, and their race integrity—giving the Negro a definite place in the thought and life of the times. It was a difficult, embarrassing, foreboding race problem which he found; he left a clear, definite, hopeful race program, the letter and spirit of which, if wisely and unselfishly followed, will, without doubt, bring, in the long run, a happy, wholesome, and satisfactory solution, and an adjustment mutually acceptable to all vitally concerned.

He often said: "No man, either white or black, from North or from South, shall drag me down so low as to make me hate him." This, my friends, was his life motto, and yet few men were more sensitive to unfairness or injustice. Misunderstanding and prejudice are apt to affect most people strongly, especially those who are keenly stung, but with Dr. Washington the underlying cause of prejudice and unfairness was of far more interest, and he set himself with all energy and with all patience to dispel ignorance, poverty, inefficiency, and immorality wherever found, not by force and violence of words or of conduct, but by an affectionate, though persistent, courageous, and indomitable common sense, or, rather, uncommon sense.

The press and the platform have emphasized, and justly so, Dr. Washington's great wisdom, his rare tact, his remarkable poise, diplomacy, and self-control. The world has known few men with greater poise and self-control than he possessed. These were very important elements in his character.

But the underlying, fundamental, dominating, controlling principle and characteristic of Dr. Washington's life, that which enabled him to render such a great service to this nation, was his belief in and his love for mankind. All his other qualities, important as they were, were secondary to the

great principle which always guided him. He believed in and respected and loved humanity, and this faith was not circumscribed by race, or limited by section, or bounded by color lines. North and South, black and white, were on his heart and in his program. Where ignorance and poverty were greatest, where a human need was most apparent, there his interest was deepest, his words strongest, his great eloquence most convincing, and his energy and force most deeply vitalized and spiritualized. Because he believed in, respected, and loved the Southern white man, he interpreted to his own people with wisdom, with patience, and with kindness the feelings and sentiments of the white South.

Because of Dr. Washington's absolute faith in the possibilities of his own race, because of his pride in his race, because he loved his race, he analyzed and frankly interpreted the Negro to himself, telling him his shortcomings and failings in unvarnished fashion, teaching him what right education means and what it should do for the individual and the race, working out in concrete form in Tuskegee Institute, as well as outside of the institution, his ideas of education. Both in the North and in the South he linked education in a very definite, practical, and necessary way to life, not as life ought to be—the ideal life—but as life really is, in the cabin, on the farm, in the church, in the school, in the alley, in disease, in crime; he taught men that education, whether professional, academic, technical, or industrial, should touch and influence the common, everyday vocations by which men live and move and have their existence.

He interpreted, with kindness and patience and wisdom, the North to the South, the South to the North, the Negro to both, and both to the Negro. He helped tremendously in making peace between races and between sections. He used every opportunity to allay factional strife and bickerings between groups of Negroes. He was truly a peacemaker. He caused the lion and the lamb to lie down together, and a little child—an honest and simple and unselfish Negro—was leading them to real peace on earth and that good-will which the great Nazarene came to bring among men of all races and all nations.

General Armstrong, through Hampton Institute, responded as best he could—and he was a wise, far-seeing man—to the earnest, urgent appeal of this untrained, poverty-stricken, black boy for a chance. He gave him, not money, not even charity as such, but he did give Booker Washington what every American, in the last analysis, believes, deep down in his heart, that every human being should have, an opportunity to make the most of himself—a chance equal to that of any other man. Booker Washington used this chance in developing in every possible way, opportunities, chances, for other people, whether in Alabama and the South, the Isles of the Sea, or Africa. He struggled that men might have a chance through the great Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute which he founded, for which he labored and sacrificed, and for which he gave his life. He struggled that they might have a chance, not only through Tuskegee Institute, but through other educational institutions of a different character as well. He pleaded for them with rare eloquence, as well as rare earnestness and devotion, in the North and in the South, in city and in country, through the press, from the platform, and through the National Negro Business League. In season and out of season, often in much discomfort, and frequently against the advice of his best friends and his physician, he pleaded for his people, than whom there is no more loyal group of American citizens, loyal to the flag and all for which it stands. And they, my friends, would die for that flag if necessary.

I hope I may be forgiven if I say a few words more directly to my own people, inasmuch as they form so large a part of the audience. I hope no one will believe that I, for a moment, think I can fill Dr. Washington's place. I am earnestly and humbly aware that this is impossible. It would require the combined energy and effort of all the Negroes in America, and, in addition, the coöperation and backing of all the white people, to carry on Dr. Washington's work, and I doubt whether, even then, it would be done as effectively as he did it.

If any of us, because of weaknesses and failings within our race, or because of unfairness, injustice, and inconvenience without, or because of the color of our faces and the texture of our hair, have been hitherto lacking in appreciation of our

race, or have been afraid to be unmistakably identified with the Negro race, let us, in the name of the God who made us, forever dispel any such foolish, childish, disastrous notions. Let us remember, once and for always, that no race that is ashamed of itself, no race that despises itself, that tries to get away from itself, no race that does not respect, honor, and love itself, can gain the confidence and respect of other races, or will ever be truly great and useful.

Let us remember, also, that we are not an accursed people; that races with whiter faces have, and are still going through, difficulties infinitely more trying and embarrassing than much that faces us; that we have in this country vast opportunities for growth and devolpment, as well as for usefulness and service. We are creatures of God's most perfect handiwork, and any lack of appreciation on our part is a reflection on the great Creator. Though we Negroes are black, and though we are living under hampering difficulties and inconveniences, God meant that we should be just as honest, just as industrious, just as skillful, just as pure, just as intelligent, just as God-like, as any human beings that walk on the face of God's earth.

I hope and I believe that because of the life that has so recently gone out from among us, we, as a people, will henceforward, as never before, unselfishly work together, not always thinking, feeling, or acting alike, but always in perfect harmony and mutual helpfulness for a great cause, for a great need, for a great race, and for a great nation. This is the most important lesson we can learn from the life and teachings of our great leader and benefactor.

At the very simple but impressive funeral service at Tuskegee, in November, more than eight thousand people—rich and poor, from city and country, educated and uneducated, from North and South, black and white—gathered to reverently pay their last tribute of respect and devotion to the man they loved. The beautiful city of Tuskegee, by special request of its honored Mayor, ceased all business during the funeral hour. Practically every white business house and organization, together with hundreds of individuals in Tuskegee and Macon County, as well as throughout the great State of Alabama (to say nothing about the colored people), sent

floral offerings, and to a Negro, mind you! And this, my friends, was in the shadow, almost, of the old Confederate capitol in Montgomery. Alabama and the South loved Booker Washington; Booker Washington loved Alabama and the South, where he lived, labored, and died, and where he wanted to be buried.

The Principal of Hampton Institute, Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, a lifelong friend of Dr. Washington, and his teacher at Hampton (as well as mine), began a very beautiful and impressive prayer at the funeral service at Tuskegee with these fitting words from the Apostle Paul: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory." Booker Washington's life, Booker Washington's work, Booker Washington's death, were truly victories—a victory in unselfishness, a victory in patience, a victory in simplicity, a victory in faith, a victory in a love that suffered long and was kind, was not puffed up, and rejoiced in truth and in service.

I congratulate the Negro race most heartily and earnestly, I congratulate myself, and I congratulate the nation, too, for we are all prouder, richer, happier, and better because this man lived and labored. Though he died a poor man, as far as this world's goods are concerned, he died rich in achievement and in service. As I said before, he found a most trying, embarrassing, discouraging race problem, and left us a clear, definite, hopeful, unselfish race program. Whether this program is being worked out through Edwards at Snow Hill, or Cornelia Bowen at Mount Meigs, Ala., through Long at Christiansburg, Va., through Holtzclaw at Utica, Miss., through a Jeanes School or a Rosenwald School, through Baldwin Farms or the Negro Business League, or through the lives and characters and earnest work of thousands of unnamed graduates and former students of Tuskegee Institute, it matters little. It is the same vitalizing, courageous, unselfish spirit of Booker T. Washington, in the same wise, unselfish program, working earnestly for the good of men and to the glory of God.

I believe, my friends, that you who are heirs of the opportunities, the culture, and the wealth of the ages, you who love humanity and justice, you who love our glorious country, I

truly believe that you will see to it that the great institution through which Booker Washington worked, and for which he died, will be maintained and operated to its full capacity, and with the greatest possible efficiency. I believe that you will see to it that these black boys and girls, sometimes called despised and rejected children, may continue to have a chance—a chance to be trained, a chance to be educated, a chance to be efficient, a chance to be useful to their race and country, a chance to be decent, a chance to serve.

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